

Mechanics' Advocate.

A WEEKLY PAPER, DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE MECHANIC, AND THE ELEVATION OF LABOR.

JOHN TANNER,

Honor and Shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the Honor lies.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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For the Mechanic's Advocate.

THE ARTIZAN.

BY J. N. T. TUCKER.

I.

The ARTIZAN,
Is Nature's man,
And seeks to make her num'rous laws,
Subserve Humanity's good cause;
From morn to night,
With Science's light,
His time doth spend, to comprehend
What most may tend, all good to blend.

II.

When FULTON came,
With humble name,
To prove the wondrous power of Steam,
Wise men pronounce'd his views a dream;
Yet FULTON saw,
There was a law,
Which without fail, would sure prevail
O'er wind and sail, and good entail.

III.

Some thought 'twas sin
When "BEN FRANKLIN,"
Declared man could the lightnings tame!
(And ranked with lunatics, his name.)
But time passed on—
And now men own
With joy profound, that MORSE has found,
The way to lead the lightnings round!

IV.

The Ocean deep,
Has failed to keep,
Her waves above Mechanic's power,
'Tho high above the sea they tower;
The Engines tread,
Now shakes her bed,
And 'mid the storm, the Steamers form,
At borne, in triumph on!

V.

From deepest mine,
In every clime,
The earth doth yield her richest store,
And wisdom lends her deepest lore,
Where Truth's unfurled,
To fill the world,
With brilliant light, and to invite
To angel's sight,—MECHANICS MIGHT!

VI.

The Poet's muse,
Doth ne'er refuse
To furnish for the Artist's lyre
In songs illum'd with Heaven's fire,
Bright wreath of Fame
For every name,
Immortal made, of any shade,
By any trade, of any grade.

VII.

None are so great,
Whate'er their state,
Nor those for whom our humble pen
So freely moves as WORKING MEN—
They are of use,
For, they produce
What life demands; and by their hands
Doth commerce stand, in every land.

Albany January 1, 1848.

For the Mechanic's Advocate.

THE WISE CHOICE.

OR,

THE REWARD OF INDUSTRY.

BY E. B. BOWEN, ESQ.

In a retired, but pleasant village of New England, not far from the White Hills, so much distinguished for their romantic and picturesque scenery, resided the family of Edward Jameson. The family consisted of a widowed mother and two children, Hannah and Egbert. It had been the fortune of Mr. Jameson, during his life to have accumulated for that place, a large fortune, but dying suddenly, he left his estate without having made his will.

In due time according to law, the widow took her portion and the balance was divided equally between the two children, although all resided under the same roof at the time our story commences.

Wealth, to which people bow with deference, had infused into the mind of Egbert, the lofty notions of nobility and preference. His indolence and dissipation had only added to his insolence and vindictiveness. Overbearing by nature, self-conceited and reckless, he desired control of, and acquiescence in the various matters of the family and village.

But very different was the disposition of his sister. Of a temper sweet and amiable, she was one of those ministering angels whose benevolence and charity know no bounds. Intelligent and instructive in her conversation, none could listen to her without being charmed with the effusions of her heart and mind. Lovely, happy in her disposition and liberal in her charitable bestowments, her friendship was a treasure, her love a fortune. Such a woman well might man worship.

It was a delightful evening in the month of June in the summer of 18—. The sun had just set in golden splendor. The whippoorwill was tuning his silver-tuned lute from the surrounding village trees. The fire fly had commenced his nocturnal wanderings. Every thing was happily blended together; affording one of those ineffable scenes upon which the mind loves to dwell, and from which it retires with reluctance. Upon such an evening sat alone Hannah Jameson in the sitting room of her mother's dwelling, casting a lingering thought over the past—reviewing the halcyon days of her girlhood, the sweet recollections of her early sports and pleasant rambles, forgetting not the change the death of her father had made in her family, and breathing a silent prayer to her God, to check the waywardness and direct the steps of her dissipated brother. Her heart was too full. She wept.

At this moment her brother made an abrupt entrance.

"What," exclaimed he, "whining again Han.—Probably about that poor worthless cabinet maker, Clarence Marston."

"Speak not so, brother. I was weeping over my own sins and reflections, and wishing you dear brother to—"

"I know better. Fool you are to think of marrying Clarence Marston. We are rich—above him. He's not our equal. He's a mechanic. He works for a living. You should think of uniting your destinies with a professional man, a man that's got the *lucres*. Fudge, you shall not marry him if I can prevent it."

"Brother, you speak rashly, Mr. Marston is a young man of integrity and unquestionable character. To be sure he is a Mechanic, but industry is the foundation of all excellence. And I should be the last one to condemn a man because he is industrious or because he has a trade instead of a profession. And as to us being above him, I think he is above us, if there is any distinction in life, for he has a trade and we have none. To whom are the rich indebted if it is not to the Mechanic and Laborer? And—"

"Oh your talk is all gammon. Perhaps you would like to learn the dress-maker's trade," said Egbert sneeringly.

"It would be no disgrace to me, brother, but rather an honor."

"Well it will be a disgrace to you to have any thing more to do with that nursery of a mechanic. And if he comes here again refuse him admission into this house. Well, I must away, I have promised to play a game of *Eucres* to-night down to old man Burtons."

"I wish you would keep me company to-night, brother, and think no more of card playing."

"If I do it will be after this!"

Egbert took his hat and went away, to spend the night in gaming and dissipation.

Clarence Marston and Hannah Jameson were once children together—once shared the sports, as well as duties of school together. Years rolled on. Clarence went away to learn his trade. Of course they had no idea of love and marriage, further than children possess. Still in each others society they were the most happy. When absent from each other, they each experienced a void, which their reunion alone could fill.

Once during each year Clarence for a brief period, returned to visit his friends. But after the first year or two, their habits were manifestly changed. Hannah was more shy and Clarence more bashful and reserved. The familiarity which characterized them while children had gone, although the reason was not obvious. They loved each others society none the less, but still they did not publicly court it. The affection of their youth had been the germ which had matured into the blossom of love—not the love of a moment that is often turned into loathing and hate, but love that was kindled on the altar of youthful devotion—love that cheers, and gladdens every dark hour of life, and in declining age, makes the passage to the grave calm and tranquil.

It was not until Clarence had learned his trade—returned to his native village to pursue it, that he disclosed the secrets of his heart.

Hannah was then in her eighteenth year, bright in the possession of that loveliness, that a few years more would make perfect. Her figure was rather above than below the middle height: her face was oval: her complexion was transparently fair—the faint tinge of color upon her cheek deepened or departed with the varied

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emotions of her heart. Her dark blue eye at once spoke the eloquence and benevolence of her heart.—Her glossy hair which hung in ringlets upon her snowy neck, the winds seemed loth to sport with.

Egbert Jameson had but just withdrew on the evening in question, when the door bell rang and Clarence was ushered into the presence of this lovely girl.

"Why, Mr. Marston, is that you," said Hannah blushing. "Be seated if you please, and I will call mother. I am sure she will be glad to see you for indeed I am!"

"Thank you, Miss Jameson," replied Clarence.

Presently Hannah returned with her mother, and after the usual compliments had passed she withdrew to attend to some culinary matters, leaving them alone together.

"Hannah," said Clarence, "there has long been a hesitancy in me to declare my desires. And, although I am far from being worthy of your love, I must ask you to be mine—mine forever. I have loved you long and ardently, but during your father's life, I had no hopes of securing your hand or even a reciprocity of affection, but since his decease and knowing the character of yourself and mother, I have now to ask you to look upon me, if not with a favoured eye, at least, with an impartial one. My character you know. I have accumulated by my trade, about three thousand dollars, and have the prospect of increasing, by industry and economy, my little capital. I have long desired to realize that enjoyment, alone found in the domestic circle.—True, sorrow there may enter. The ills of life can nowhere be avoided, but the burdens and cares of life can there, if any where, be mitigated. The realization of this is my highest earthly hope. This I am aware is an important step, no less important to you than to me. The consequences are to be felt through life. But the concurrence of both sexes is as necessary to the perfection of our being, as to the existence of it. Man may put forth the noblest efforts, and possess the highest ambition, but how valueless the boon, how worthless the reward, unless woman can influence and share them!

"The world was sad—the garden was a wild,
And man—the hermit sighed—till woman smiled."

"Mr. Marston, you have reasoned candidly and eloquently upon this important subject, but I must say, with a confidence of correctness, that, in my opinion there is often a strange fatality attending the attachment and union of individuals. None but those who calculate mathematically can imagine the felicity or loathing misery of conjugal life. On the one hand, it enlivens, stimulates and sheds its salutary rays around us. On the other hand, it embitters depresses and destroys every healthful action of both the body and mind. Assimilation of character, love, and respect for each others produce the one, rendering life pleasant and harmonious. Peevishness, diversity of sentiment and feeling, obstinacy and unkindness, produce the other, rendering life a burthen and individuals unhappy. The incapacity of judging of respective characters is often fatal to social enjoyment. Individual happiness and the welfare of posterity should always be consulted.—Wealth will take wings and fly away. Beauty will fade."

"But death is no foe to virtue," interrupted Clarence. "It is the admiration of every age, and leaves behind influences of vast and important moment. It never dies.—"

"You may break, you may ruin the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still!"

Who can estimate the value of virtuous woman, and who love her without it? It is the purity of your heart, the innocence of your thoughts that place you beyond estimation. But I will not flatter you. Can you love me? Do you love me, my dearest girl?"

"Oh, Clarence," said Hannah, looking beseechingly in his face, "I cannot say I do not love you. You are indeed worthy the love of any woman. But I fear

I can never bestow upon you my hand, but of my heart you are already in possession."

"O speak not so dear girl. What can be the objection? Your mother has already consented, and—"

"I cannot—I fear to tell the reason! Oh, I would give worlds, if I had them, could I but effect a change, for the better, in my brother's conduct. I tremble for him, and oh, I fear—"

"Speak and let me know all," said Clarence, as he bent his head and kissed the suffused cheek of the trembling girl.

"My brother has sworn his hostility to you and has forbidden me to receive your attentions on pain of repenting it."

"Oh, if that is all, I do not fear. I can disaim him of all hostile intentions by my kindness to him."

"I know his purposes and character too well, to think of not fearing for your safety, if you continue your visits."

"Well, I will see him soon, I think I can obviate all difficulties. Good bye."

"What's trumps," said one or two voices in Burton's tavern. "hearts," said the dealer "and right bower turned." "I pass"—"I assist my partner"—"Discard"—"Waiter," said Egbert, "a little more brandy and water—I make or break this time."

"Right bower leads—I am Eucred," said Egbert as he play his left bower. "Ace too, by Heavens. I am ruined," exclaimed he, as the winner raked down the gold—the last of Egbert Jameson's patrimony.—"And I am d—n if I ever ask my sister and mother any favors."

"Brandy and water, waiter—we may as well have a merry time as a sorry one. Here's better luck next time, Mr. Jameson," said the winner. "I think I am deserving of some luck, and if I ain't a lucky man to-night, it will be because there is no money to be had in this village."

"Oh don't get desperate," said Bob Wingate.

Egbert took his hat and cane and sallied out, not knowing whither to go. He feared to go home for money, still he wished to return to the tavern to win back the money he had lost. All he wanted was \$50.

"I must have it," said he to himself, "there is Clarence Marston, he has money, but I am ashamed to ask that poor scamp to accommodate me, but I will go and—Ah good evening Mr. Marston," said Jameson as they unexpectedly met each other in the street.

"Would you be so kind, Mr. Marston, as to accommodate me with \$50 until to-morrow?"

"Why are you so excited Egbert? You are unwell," said Marston concealing his suspicions of the true cause of his unnatural, but not unfrequent excitement.

"I want to know if you will loan me \$50."

"I will, if you will promise to go home with me and remain until you get sober, but in the present state of excitement, you would be better off without money, than with."

"Insult me in the street, you sacrelegious infidel!—There, take that," at the same moment he felled him to the earth with his cane.

Egbert rifled his pockets and left him senseless on the ground.

In a few moments after, the village physician returning from a visit to a sick patient and hearing a groan was attracted to the spot where the individual lay.—

"Good Heaven," exclaimed he, "Clarence Marston, what is the matter?" Upon examination he was found not to be seriously injured. He was carried home and efficient means resorted to, and in a short time he was restored to consciousness.

The next morning the excitement of the villagers approached almost to madness. A thousand strange conjectures and guesses were made, but none but the injured man knew who the offender was.

James in the mean time had returned to Burton's to try his luck again, but was again unsuccessful. In de-

spair he seized the cup—and was carried home in a state of beastly intoxication.

How deep the shame and sorrow of that mother and sister! But how heart-rending must have been the scene, had they only known the crime that he, that night, had committed! How much more severely would their hearts have been wrung, had they known this tale of his undoing! But they were spared. Clarence disclosed the secret to no one. Upon his recovery he immediately went to Egbert and informed him he was in his power. "You," said he, "have deeply wronged me, but you have wronged yourself, your mother and sister still more. A disclosure of this will send you to the penitentiary, you are not lost to all that is honorable and valuable in the human character. You can reform, you can yet become an useful and worthy member of society. Now, no one shall ever know from me, your guilt and shame, if you will change your course of conduct. You may deem my advice uncalled for and premature, but I am deeply interested Egbert, in the welfare of you and your family, and believe me, I would be supremely happy to see you united with Eliza Walton, enjoying life as a rational man should enjoy it. You can be useful and happy, and that too with her. But unless you change your course of conduct she will discard you forever."

He had touched a tender spot. Egbert burst into tears and exclaimed, "I will promise any thing, only conceal my shame from Eliza, mother and Hannah, I was beside myself—I did not contemplate committing the assault upon you." "Well, I know it—I forgive you, only promise me that you will sign the pledge and abandon card playing, and I will promise eternal sisterhood upon last night's scene."

"Give me your hand," I will do it," exultingly exclaimed Egbert. "But what shall I do for a living—I have squandered my patrimony and I am too proud to call upon Mother or Hannah for assistance as they have by improper investments, lost much of theirs."

"You are only 21—you can learn a trade and be among the most independant of earth's people. Are you afraid to attempt it?"

"No, I will commence immediately. This shall be a lesson to me."

Eliza Watton was a lovely girl, the daughter of a respectable merchant in a neighboring village. She was the exact counterpart of Hannah Jameson, even surpassing her in the practical knowledge of household management. She loved Egbert, notwithstanding his faults. Nor was her love unrequited. Who can conceive the feelings of Eliza when she learned that Egbert had resolved to reform? Who delineate the happy smile that lit up her countenance? Or who tell the inward workings of her soul when looking through a long vista of years and portraying the happiness of domestic life, which she hoped to realise?

Two years passed away. Egbert returned to his native village a skillful Mechanic. New Years morning, Mr. and Mrs. Marston and Mrs. Jameson, received a polite invitation to attend Egbert's wedding at Bath. Indeed it was a bright assemblage that met together on that night. In all that crowd of beauty and gayety none seemed more happy than the bridegroom. Every countenance reflected the congratulation of the heart as the lips gave utterance to it. It was a happy moment for Hannah Jameson, now, Mrs. Marston and her mother. They had seen the change in Egbert's life, for which they had devoutly wished, and fervently prayed. Now they were about to witness the consummation of a ceremony that was to unite two lovers, for weal or woe, for life. How happy they looked as side by side they stood before that holy man who with the delegated authority of Heaven, pronounced the benediction on the tie that had already been registered above. Every eye sparkled with delight, every heart throbbed with joy, and elysium seemed to beam upon the assembly.

The evening had well nigh passed, when Mr. Jame-

son remarked, "I should do myself and friends great injustice were I to leave this place and not communicate to them the cause of my reformation in habits and character, and thank the preserver of my falling fortunes, and perhaps my life."

He then related his intemperance, his fondness for gambling, his hostility to his sister's union with Clarence, and finally his assault upon and robbery of his benefactor. "Now," said he "I have learned from him, whom I once almost despised, the most valuable lesson of my life—that Industry is the foundation of all happiness; that Mechanics are as much men as learned doctors and lawyers, and have hearts as warm and souls as large as those who say 'he's only a Mechanic.'"

"Now my mother, may God bless you, and be assured, in what ever climes it may be the fortune of your son to roam, he will not forget you. And sister Hannah and brother Clarence, may peace attend you through life and Heaven at least be your reward."

The whole assemblage were affected to tears. After the kiss had been given and received the party withdrew, each with a heart more pure, and a feeling more charitable.

The next morning the newly married couple set out for Lowell where Mr. Jameson had been engaged as a machinist, in one of the factories. They rented a house and commenced life under propitious auspices.

Mr. Jameson continued his employment one month—was paid off partly in money and partly in orders upon merchants of the city.

"Eliza," said Mr. Jameson as he returned home from work, "it is customary here for our employers to pay off their workmen partly in orders upon merchants, and it strikes me it is unjust, particularly when the workmen prefer the money. What is your opinion about the system?"

"I was just conversing about the practice this afternoon with Mrs. W. our grocer's wife. She says the capitalists here and else where, make the practice of receiving so much per cent for all the orders sent to certain merchants, and that frequently they have stores of their own upon which they give orders, thereby securing all the profits to themselves, and when orders are brought them, as they are not transferable, they charge the workmen an exorbitant profit. No one can trade as cheap with an order as with the cash. By making this order arrangement with the merchant, the capitalist saves the interest upon his money by not paying the merchant until the expiration of a year, which, if the Mechanic received the money, it would, properly invested, secure him a good per cent."

"I fully believe Mrs. W's statement, and I am determined to receive nothing but the money for my labor."

When Mr. Jameson entered the factory, Monday, he told the agent, he could not, in future, receive due bills or orders for his services.

"Well," said the agent, "this is the rule we almost invariably adopt and we cannot think of changing it."

"Well you must look out for some one else to superintend your Machine shop then."

"Really, are you in earnest?"

"I am."

"Seeing it is you, I will pay you as you desire, but you must not communicate the fact to any of the workmen."

"I shall not promise that, nor shall I go to work until I am sure of being dealt by, as I proposed."

"Well here is a stipulation to that effect signed by me. So let us hear no more about the matter."

"Mr. Jameson," said one of his fellow machinists as they were walking home together a few days after this arrangement above related, "do you really believe there is any difference in point of value to ourselves, in receiving orders instead of cash for our labor? I have understood that you have refused to accept any more orders and I should like to know if we are the losers by this practise."

"Certainly we are and I will prove it. There is at least one-fourth difference between the nominal value of a due bill or an order, and the ready cash, and this legerdemain is resorted to for the purpose of enhancing the wealth of the capitalists at the expense of the poor laborer. You receive \$25 per month, one-half payable in orders on merchants, for the necessities of life. The interest on one-half of three hundred dollars at six per cent is nine dollars, five per cent deduction by the person upon whom the order is made, on one-half of three hundred dollars is seven dollars and fifty cents, three per cent extra profits, five dollars and fifty cents, amounting to \$21. The loss to you in thirty years, allowing your wages to be only \$25 one-half payable in orders would be principal and simple interest about seven hundred dollars. This is a very low estimate, and to be sure looks small for so long a period, but exact this from every mechanic in our country and it would build a railroad from Lake Michigan to Oregon and establish the largest manufacturing company in the United States."

"I am resolved to adopt your plan, and I wish every mechanic in our land, could understand their true interests and redress the wrongs that are inflicted upon them. We have long suffered injustice from our employers, I cannot now doubt, every age is characterized by some important change in politics, customs and usages and I hope the next important change will be a change for the Mechanic's benefit."

"So do I. Good night," said Mr. Jameson as he approached his door.

"Good night," replied his friend.

"Well, Eliza, I have induced the agent to comply with my demands. He could not well dispense with my services, so he concluded, to pay me, in money instead of orders."

"That is what is in justice due to every laborer," said his wife.

We have only to pass over six years, before we find Mr. Jameson in possession of an ample fortune, the reward of industry and economy, the firm friend of the mechanic and laborer. Surrounded by his lovely wife and three children, he possesses every luxury the heart can desire, and every comfort domestic happiness can impart.

Mr. Marston, happy in the society of his esteemed Hannah, has retired from business and now lives upon the fruits of his untiring industry. A holier prayer never rises from the altar than his, a pleasanter fireside never shone upon conjugal happiness than theirs. Mrs. Jameson, the widowed mother resides with them and often warns her prattling grand-children against the evils of indolence and intemperance. Time will witness the noblest energies of man, and "scatter around him like autumnal leaves his proudest monuments," but the influence of that once obscure and poor mechanic has secured for him a crown of laurels, which shall shine brighter and brighter until the Heavens and the earth shall pass away as a scroll.

Albany, January 1, 1848.

ARRIVAL OF THE HIBERNIA.

The Royal Mail Steamer Hibernia arrived at Boston the 24th ult., from Liverpool, whence she sailed on the 4th ult.

LIVERPOOL, Dec. 4—12 M.

CORN, &c.—Best Western Canal Flour 28s to 28s 6d; New Orleans and Ohio, 26s to 27s; Canada, 27s to 29s; W. S. and Canada Sour, 21s to 23. Wheat W. S. and Canada White Mixed per 70 lbs., 7s 6d to 8s 4d; Red, 6s to 7s 6d; Indian Corn, per qr., 32s to 36s; Corn Meal, 16s to 15s 6d per bbl. Oat Meal, per 260 lbs., 25s to 28s. Oats, 45 lbs., 2s 6d to 3s. Barley per 60 lbs., 3s to 4s. Rye per 90 lbs., 3s to 4s.—Peas per 504 lbs., 30 to 40s.

Since the departure of the last steamer the Corn market has been greatly depressed by a slackened demand in the interior, which with other causes has considerably deadened its activity. Flour has fully receded from 6d to 1s per barrel.

The British Parliament for some days has been engaged with the subject of trade and the financial con-

dition of the country. It is expected that measures of a salutary character will be introduced.

The state of Ireland is truly frightful.* The land reeks with assassinations from one end to the other.—Government has prepared a coercion bill of a very mild and moderate character.

In Switzerland the civil war has been virtually terminated by the surrender of Lucerne to the troops of the Federalists. The Sunderbund is dissolved and thus the hopes of the Jesuits are fully prostrated.

The affairs of Italy are in a fair way for adjustment. The Pope has opened the new Council of State at the Vatican, and his speech elicited unmixed approbation.

The Royal Bank of Liverpool, the stoppage of which created so much excitement a short time since, has resumed business under favorable circumstances.

The Asiatic Cholera is stated to have advanced to the Prussian frontier.

IRELAND.—The state of Tipperary, Clare, Westmeath, Kings county, Roscommon and Limerick is most deplorable.—The offences perpetrated in these six counties bring a sad stain upon the history of Ireland, and render it absolutely necessary, for the preservation of the peace of the remaining parts of the country, that a rigor beyond the present laws should be exercised by government, for the protection of life and property. The details which daily reach us from ill-fated Ireland are almost all written in the same unvarying fatal characters of blood. The pressure of want amongst the people, serious as it undoubtedly is, appears secondary in intensity to the insane desire of destroying human life. The lives of the best benefactors of the people seem more peculiarly devoted to sacrifice.

NO MONUMENT TO JESUS.—Monuments, beautiful and strong, are erected to perpetuate the memories of the philanthropic dead. Ay! there is one a worthy memorial—standing from year to year, with its marble representative gracing its towering peak, greeting the sunlight, and enlisting a favorable opinion from the neighbor and the foreigner towards our countryman as they point and say: "WASHINGTON'S MONUMENT!" But, never have we heard of the council of any nation; nay, nor of any single member of any council, presenting a petition, or trying to "pass a bill," authorising the erection of a monument to the memory of the Saviour of the world.

But Jesus needs no memorable monument. His name and deeds will live without it. He needs nothing like this to immortalize him, for his very name is immortality itself!—JESUS. And it shall be perpetuated forever and ever by a monument raised centuries ago by his own enemies, which they stained with his own blood—his name is on it—JESUS—the CROSS! When old earth shall be worn out, and time weary and dead, and all mundane things lost in the ravages of events, then his name shall live! monuments, bright with the touches of immortality—sparkling in the radiance of Jehovah's countenance—shall be seen, while "upon their foreheads" is written a name, the fame of which is destined to outlive worlds, and measure existence with eternity—that name is JESUS.—Columbian Fountain.

GOLLY.—The editor of the *Arena*, published in Killingly, has lost his pocket book, and, strange to tell, has lost a large amount of money with it.—*Eleven Dollars!* He also says there was a note of sixty odd dollars, and some receipted bills for advertising within its folds, for the recovery of which he offers a liberal reward of five dollars. It will go down very well, that part which relates to its containing receipted bills, (as every one knows they are not an equivalent to the money); but to tell about his losing so much money, we rather guess is gammon! Whoever heard of an editor having eleven dollars in money, and a note of sixty dollars by him! *Pshaw*, neighbor Carter, that won't go down!—*New London Democrat*.

How little do we think of our accountability to God! Money is not ours to hide in a napkin; good thoughts are not ours to keep hid in the bosom; power is not ours to elevate ourselves; influence is not ours to lie dead. We must render an account to God for the manner we use every thing he has given us. Our voices, our purses, our eyes, our hands, our lives, our whole influence should speak in lessons of wisdom and mercy. A thousand streams of gladness should emanate from us to fertilize the moral soil, and to prepare it to be transplanted at last to a more congenial clime. At the bar of heaven, that man must stand confounded whose whole life has been spent in selfish acts, and from whom no good influence has gone forth to regenerate and save the wretched and lost.

MECHANIC'S ADVOCATE.

"THE LABORER IS WORTHY OF HIS HIRE."

ALBANY, JANUARY 8, 1848.



EXTRAORDINARY INDUCEMENTS.

That Post-Office of any town in the Union, from which we shall receive the greatest number of subscribers for the MECHANIC'S ADVOCATE, during the period between Dec. 11, 1847 and July 1, 1848, (the papers to be mailed to such Post Office or to subscribers through it), shall be entitled to a continuance of the whole number of the subscriptions, gratuitously, for one year after the expiration of the year for which the subscriptions shall have been paid. To secure this prize, the amount of one year's subscription for each subscriber must be paid in advance.

STILL ANOTHER PREMIUM.

With an increased desire to extend the circulation and usefulness of the MECHANIC'S ADVOCATE, we offer as a premium a beautiful and valuable work entitled "Practical Mechanics for Practical Men," to such person as shall send us the largest number of subscribers between Dec. 23, 1847, and Jan. 25, 1848. And to the person sending us the next to the largest number, a copy of Vol. I of the Mechanic's Advocate, beautifully bound. Subscribers may be sent in at club rates, and will also be counted on the other Premiums offered in this paper.

ELEVATION—THE MEANS—ASSOCIATE EFFORT.

In our last article upon Elevation, we gave as one of the "means," "Public Meetings." In close connection with this subject stands "Associate effort."

To exhibit the power of associate action, we will only point to its effects, when it has been resorted to, to check great and growing evils.

To associate effort belongs the honor of achieving American Independence, for without its aid nothing could have been accomplished. There may not, it is true, have been any formal bonds of association, yet there was a union of will and purpose, that insured success.

A combination of interests is the very foundation stone of our government—and combination (or associate effort) is destined to be one of the most powerful levers in the work of elevating the Sons of Toil.

Great evils threaten to overwhelm the laborer—combined effort will avert it. Those great wrongs that exist, associate effort will root out. Do we wish to promote intelligence and enlighten our fellows, our united energies are potent for good.

Individuals, singly, it is true, may accomplish much, and should exercise their influence in promoting a right state of things; for every man, however humble, does exercise some influence, and is bound to use it for the accomplishment of good ends. The combination of individual influences, then, forms one of the most powerful modes of action. Every part of the globe gives token of its mighty strength.

The American Revolution was the result of a solemn compact—when men pledged their "lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor!" It led, in olden times, the mailed warriors of aroused and excited Christendom, to brave the fiery sun of Palestine, and nerved their arms under the walls of the Holy City. Nor is it less powerful in its more peaceful demonstration, in its quiet and almost imperceptible effects. Our own land furnishes us ten thousand examples!

Of the many associations that have sprung up during the last few years, those for intellectual culture have been the most numerous, yet many others fully as me-

ritorous have sprung up, having benevolent and intellectual objects combined; of this class the most prominent is the *Mechanics' Mutual Protection*. This association is of comparatively recent date, but still it shows the progressive spirit of the age, and furnishes cause for much congratulation, inasmuch as we find they are becoming quite general throughout the United States. Let associations be formed on this principle, and they will attain a usefulness, second to no other mode of accomplishing the reforms we aim at; besides the advantages of administering to the wants of the sick and distressed, when no other hand is found to aid and succor.

Workingmen! we appeal to you in all earnestness to unite. In union there is strength; and by a proper application of associate effort all our objects can be attained.

THE FIRST STEAMBOAT VOYAGE.

We feel gratified at being enabled to lay before our readers a letter from ROBERT FULTON, giving an account of his first trip by steam up the Hudson river. It is an extract from a Philadelphia paper of 1807, and can hardly fail of being read with interest. "When Fulton started upon this first voyage, he stood almost alone in his expectations of success. He, however, was sanguine; and could he now revisit the numerous rivers and bays of our country, he would find his expectations more than realized."

NEW YORK, August 22, 1807.

To Joel Barlow Esq., of Philadelphia:

My Dear Friend,—My steamboat voyage to Albany and back has turned out rather more favorable than I had calculated. The distance from New York to Albany is 150 miles; I ran it up in 32 hours, and down in 30 hours. The latter is just five miles an hour. I had a light breeze against me the whole way going and coming, so that no use was made of my sails; and the voyage has been performed wholly by the power of the steam engine. I overtook many sloops and schooners beating windward, and passed them as if they had been at anchor.

The power of propelling boats by steam is now fully proved. The morning I left New York, there was not, perhaps, thirty persons in the city who believed that the boat would ever move one mile an hour, or be of the least utility. And while we were putting off from the wharf, which was crowded with spectators, I heard a number of sarcastic remarks: this is the way, you know, in which ignorant men compliment what they call philosophers and projectors.

Having employed much time and money and zeal in accomplishing this work, it gives me, as it will you, great pleasure to see it so fully answer my expectations. It will give a quick and cheap conveyance to merchandise on the Mississippi, Missouri, and other great rivers, which are now laying open their treasures to the enterprise of our countrymen. And although the prospect of personal emolument has been some inducement to me, yet I feel infinitely more pleasure in reflecting with you on the immense advantage that my country will derive from the invention.

However useful this may be, it is not half so important as the torpedo system of defence and attack; for out of this will grow the liberty of the seas; an object of infinite importance to the welfare of America, and every civilized country. But thousands of witnesses have now seen the steamboat in rapid movement, and they believe; they have not seen a ship of war destroyed by a torpedo, and they do not believe. We cannot expect people in general will have a knowledge of physics, or power of mind sufficient to combine ideas, and reason from causes to effects. But in case we have war, and the enemy's ships come into our waters, if the government will give me reasonable means of action, I will soon convince the world that we have surer and cheaper modes of defence than they are aware of.

Yours, &c.

ROBERT FULTON.

Extract from a letter dated, Lockport, Dec. 27, 1847.

BRO. TANNER:—It is with sorrow I inform you of the death of two of the officers of Protection No. 6, during the present quarter. Bro. Wm. KLINE, S. P., died on the 21st of November, and Bro. J. MURPHY, O. P., on the 9th of December. By this afflicting dispensation No. 6 has been plunged into deep mourning.

Yours truly,

H. H.

THE CONDITION OF LABORERS.

The *Newburyport Advertiser* in an article on "The Condition of Laborers" says:

With good reason does the laborer exclaim, how hard is the condition of our class. Toiling and sweating day by day, and barely gaining a subsistence.

Such a lot is by no means enviable, and every one should strive to render it less disagreeable.—When we glance at the condition of the laboring classes, and observe the antagonism and discrepancies upon which the system is based, we can hardly wonder that their lot is no better. That labor should be better recompensed, and receive greater encouragement than it now does, is the opinion of every liberal-minded person, yet but few take measures to bring about such a result.

With pleasure we congratulate this class upon the dawn of a brighter day. Through the mist which has long hovered over them, we perceive the glimmering of a brighter star, which is yet to bring to them a more congenial state of things. In the movements of the reformers, which are at present so active, we hail the dawning of that day which promises to make labor honorable, profitable, attractive.

The *Haverhill banner*, speaking of the difference between Free and Competitive Labor, says:

Freedom of Labor can only exist under an organization of free laborers, who furnish their own capital, make their own laws, and provide for all the wants of society. *Competitive labor* is subject to capital, because money, not organization, furnishes employment. Under competitive labor all sorts of frauds are committed, which may be mentioned, *pious frauds*, by which a few contrive to live and grow rich by duping the many; *commercial frauds*, by which laborers pay twice the value of articles consumed; *political frauds*, by which multitudes are compelled to be beggars, or thieves or desperadoes. Labor left to itself ruins a majority of laborers, as is seen throughout Europe. Laborers need to be organized as much as an army. If a town, county or State could organize labor as the Shakers do, all would be comparatively rich. There would be no giving five hundred dollars for a house lot, which is not intrinsically worth five dollars; there would be no taxes, fees and monopolies, which cheat all classes of men. Freedom cannot exist without organization. A choir of singers is a model of an association of laborers.—The one sings, the other works by concert, by rule, by attraction.

"WHAT WILL PEOPLE SAY!"—This single phrase is the cause of much indecision of character. He who is guided in his actions only by reference to the opinions of others, has set a will o' the wisp beacon that will lead him farther in the darkness than any first thought possible. If a man, instead of assuming sound and guiding principles as his guide, is influenced by only what his neighbors will say of him, he will soon find himself plunged into the uncertain and inextricable quicksand of indecision of character. To be under a constant nervous apprehension of the opinion of one's neighbors, is to be in one continual fever of the mind. Desirous of winning the good opinion of all, even at the sacrifice of just and immutable principles, the poor victim steals along, now veering to the one side, now to the other, watching the minutest token that would indicate a change in public sentiment, so that he may be ready to catch the fanning of the popular breeze. Such a character is as contemptible as it is wretched. Let each one walk forth amid his fellow men, strong in the feeling of conscious innocence and upright integrity, determined to perform the duties that devolve upon him, unmindful of the noisy clamors that may assail his path. Such an one will play his part on the stage of life, unmindful alike of empty praise and abusive tongues.—Careless of what "people say," he pursues his own undeviating course, and is finally cheered with the plaudits of the discerning and estimable, soothed by the peace and calm of a conscience void of offence.

EMINENCE ATTAINED BY MEN OF LOW ORIGIN.

—Many of the most eminent men in literature, science and the art, have sprung up in obscurity. Some will instantly occur to the mind from among the living as well as the dead, who have laid society under the deepest obligation; but there are others whose claims are not so commonly remembered. It is calculated, for instance, that above a million and a half chaldrons of coals are annually consumed in London; and the amazing extension of the trade to meet such demands is to be traced to men called "viewers," who have generally raised themselves from lower situations. Machinery was absolutely necessary to obtain so many millions of tons of the first necessities of life, and that at a rate exceedingly low; and this was provided by Newcomen, the plumber, and Smea and Watt, the water makers. The cheap and elegant garments, which give bread to about two millions of people, instead of fifty thousand, which raised the importation of cotton wool from less than 2,000,000 to 200,000,000 pounds per annum, and which increased the annual produce of the manufacture from 200,000 to £36,000,000, are to be traced through subsequent improvements to Arkwright and Crompton, the barbers. A rude and inconsiderable manufacture was changed into an elegant art, and an important branch of national commerce, by Wedgwood, the potter. Inland navigation, which enabled manufacturers to import the raw materials and export the finished goods, was devised and executed by Brindley, the millwright; and it would be easy to accumulate a great number of instances in which persons of humble birth have greatly promoted the general good.

CARRIER'S ADDRESS.

Friends and Patrons, I'm the carrier
Of a paper neat and fair,
And I beg that you will take it
Under your especial care.

None are so great
What e'er their state,
Nor none for whom my humble pen
So freely moves as WORKINGMEN—
They are of use,
For they produce
What life demands; and by their hands
Doth commerce stand, in every land.

The carrier discourseth:

A poor man in the city
Last evening passed away.

And dignity and worth,
Comfort the hearts that sorrow,
Dogood upon the earth.
Then Heaven in its mercy
That dread word shall erase,
And "Blessed of my father."
Be written in its place.

The Christian hath his closet!
To which he goes to pray,
And fast the door he locketh
To keep the world away.
This sacred place one entered
And on the floor he knelt,
He duly read a chapter,
And long in prayer he dwelt.
But by his open window
A ship was sailing fast.
A large rich-freighted vessel,
His signal on the mast,
He went out smiling cheerful,
I looked within the doo;
"Tekel" was glimmering faintly
Upon the closet floor.

It was the holy sabbath
The bells with ringing tone,
Were audibly proclaiming
The day Jehovah's own.
The pews were filled and ready
The deep responses came;
But ever, ever hovering
In a pale wreath of flame
Above the kneeling people,
And by their breath unstirred,
Shuddering, I saw the token—
The dread condemning word,
And where from out the pulpit
The Saviour's life was read,
"Tekel," in brightened colors
Seemed blazing overhead,
"Weighed in the righteous balance
And wanting found ye are."
Then changed the Tekel's mystery;
And an intensest star
Gleamed on a haughty forehead
That worshipped not, nor bent;
Then on a careless whisperer
Its searching radiance sent.
On the fair lips of beauty,
Of woman's glorious brow,
I read; "weighed in the balance
And wanting found art thou,"
Then dost not pause Jehovah,
The sweet lips pour not forth
The words of peace and holiness
That purify the earth,
The brow meant as the temple
Of calm thought and serene,
A chamber of imagery,
An idol shrine has been
While all the deep affections
Lavished on thee by Heaven.
To purely human interests
Have hitherto been given.

I passed a rich man's mansion
Who gave to all the poor,
Although a beggar blessed him,
"Tekel," was on his door.
His gifts were all of money,
No heartfelt love gave he;
Nor time, nor self-denial,
Nor prayer for charity.
His bounties made man wonder,
Men weighed their magnitude;
God weighed his means and motives
Nor called it doing good.

And now farewell, kind patrons—friends—
For all our faults let's make amends—
If faults we have (and who can doubt?)
Before another year runs out.
And may rich blessings ever spring
Around your footsteps, thus doth sing
As loud and clear as early lark
Your faithful carrier THOMAS CLARK.

and freedom in everything."

We copy the following notice of the *Advocate* from the last number:

"The *Advocate* is Edited by John Tanner, and is the organ of that rapidly increasing organization, the Mechanic's Mutual Protection. Mr. Tanner's views of Society in general are liberal and comprehensive. He sees that Industry must be Organized, and that the present Ishmaelitic and competitive system of Labor and Trade must give place to one founded on a recognition of the Brotherhood of the Race."

D. L. BARTLETT, is our agent at Oswego, and we take pleasure in acknowledging ourselves much indebted to him for his kindness in behalf of the *Advocate*. He writes, "reserve the back Nos. for me, and 100 or more for Oswego, my list already numbers 47, and I have lost half a day's time in behalf of the *Advocate*." What other friend will send us 100?

BRO. M. P. HENRY is our agent at Dansville, Livingston Co. We are indebted to him for an increase to our subscription list. Will the Dansville Protection "try" for the Regalia?

The *Advocate* is for sale at Cook's.

Upon his downy sofa,

Upon his pillowed bed,
On all that did not minister
Unto his brother dead.

I saw the gold and silver
Upon his side-board shine;
I saw the well-cooked viands,
And the grapes' costly wine.
The walls were clothed with paintings,
(But rags the mourners clad.)
The heart blazed bright and cheerful,
(No fire the dying had.)

Upon the shining silver,
And on the pleasant wall,

Upon the well-spread table,
On every thing and all;
And on the owner's picture,
Was written deep and broad,
"Tekel; in the just balance
Of the Eternal God,
Thou hast been weighed and lighter
Than vanity art thou."
Oh! man of many thousands,
Go learn this lesson now,
To give those thousands value

THE ORATOR AND THE NEWSPAPER.

Compare the orator, one of the noblest vehicles for the diffusion of thought, with the newspaper, and we may gain a faint glimpse of the ubiquitous power of the latter. The orator speaks to a few hundreds, the newspaper addresses millions. The words of the orator may die on the air; the language of the newspaper is stamped on the tablets imperishable as marble. The arguments of the orator may follow each other so rapidly that the majority of the audience may struggle in a net of a ratiocination; the reasonings of the newspaper may be scanned at leisure without a fear of perplexity. The passion of the orator inflames an assembly; the feeling of the newspaper electrifies a continent. The orator is for an edifice; the newspaper for a world; the one shines for an hour, the other glows for all time. The orator may be compared to the lightning which flashes over a valley for a moment, but to leave it again in darkness; the newspaper to a sun, blazing steadily over a whole earth, and "fixed on the basis of its own eternity." Printing has been happily defined "the Art which preserves all arts." Printing makes the orator himself more than an orator: It catches up his dying words and breathes into them the breath of life. It is the speaking gallery through which the orator thunders in the ear of Ages. He leans from the tomb over the cradle of rising generations. Nor does the art confine itself to the preservation of him alone.

The choiring thoughts of Music, also are seized and set down, sparkling and mingling and roaring in one mighty stream of harmony through the misty chasms of Time. Music, that storms on listening multitudes the dipson of Gods, or

"that softer falls

Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night dew on still waters between walls,
Of shadowy granite in a gleaming pass,
Music that gentler on the spirit lies
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes;
Music, that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful
skies."

THE PARSEE, THE JEW AND CHRISTIAN.

A Jew entered a Parsee temple and beheld the sacred fire.

"What," said he to the priest, "do you worship fire?"

"Not the fire," said the priest, "it is to us an emblem of the sun, and his genial heat."

"Do you then worship the sun as your God?" asked the Jew. "Know ye not that this luminary also is but a work of the Almighty Creator?"

"We know it," replied the priest, "but the uncultivated man requires a sensible sign in order to form a conception of the Most High. And is not the sun, the incomprehensible source of light, an emblem of that invisible Being who blesses and preserves all things?"

"Do your people then," rejoined the Israelite, "distinguish the type from the original? They call the sun their God, and, descending from this to the baser object, kneel before an earthly flame! You amuse the outward but blind the inward eye—and while you hold to them the earthly, withdraw the heavenly light!—Thou shalt not make unto thyself any image or any likeness."

"How do you designate the Supreme Being?" asked the Parsee.

"We call him Jehova Adona, that is, the Lord who is, who was, and who will be," answered the Jew.

"Your application is grand and sublime," said the Parsee, "but is awful too."

A Christian drew nigh and said, "We call him FATHER!"

The Pagan and Jew looked at each other and said, "Here is at once an image and a reality: it is a word of the heart."

Therefore they all raised their eyes to heaven and said, with reverence and love, "Our Father!" And they took each other by the hand, and called one another brothers.

ANOTHER LUCKY AMERICAN MECHANIC.

Dentists from this side the water are said to be far more skillful than those of Europe; in Paris the most distinguished one is an American, and one who would by no means be considered as remarkable here. There he commands the highest pay, and receives the most distinguished patronage. Though the Daguerreotype process is the invention of a Frenchman, yet American pictures taken by this process are said to be infinitely superior to those of London or Paris. American Engineers are now employed in the dominions of the Autocrat of Russia, in building railroads to unite the extremes of his vast realm, and American Mechanics a

there at the head of immense establishments, in which the cars for these roads are built. It has lately been quite fashionable for Americans to send to the barbarian kings and princes of the old World, specimens of what Yankee civilization and art can effect.

The last instance we have is that of a young mechanic of New York, by the name of Benjamin F. Downs, a Picture Frame Maker, at No. 40 Forsyth-street. At the Fair of the American Institute of 1846, he exhibited a chest of exquisite finish and workmanship, of his own manufacture, for which a premium was awarded him. He then took the chest home, and without acquainting any one with his project, put upon it, in beautiful style, the American and Russian Coat of Arms joined, and shipped it, from Boston, a present to the Emperor of Russia. A few weeks since, in return, the young mechanic received from the Czar the pleasant little sum of four hundred dollars, as a token of his admiration of American skill, and in acknowledgement of the gift.

REMOVAL.

THE PEKIN TEA COMPANY

Have removed their depot in this city, from Broadway to

14½ South Pearl street,

corner of Norton (opposite Centre Market,) where they will be happy to see their old customers, and as many new ones as may favor them with a call.

This Company sell their Teas by the single pound as low as small dealers usually buy elsewhere by the chest. By purchasing from this Company you will be sure of always obtaining good Tea, and save one or two shillings per lb.

The following are the retail prices, subject to being returned if they do not prove to be as represented.

GREEN TEAS.

Young Hyson, sweet cargo,	\$0 50
do do do finer,	63
do do fine cargo,	75
do do extra fine,	88
do do silver leaf,	1 00
(Silver Leaf—Seldom sold, even by large dealers, because of the very small profits made on its sale. This is a very superior tea.)	
Hyson, very fine,	75
do plantation growth,	1 00
Gunpowder, good,	75
do superior,	1 00
do small leaf, plantation growth,	1 25
Imperial, good,	75
do brisk and fragrant,	1 00
do curious leaf, very superior,	1 25
Hyson Skin, fine flavor,	35
do extra fine,	63

BLACK TEAS.

Pouchong, good full flavor,	\$0 35
do fine,	60
do very superior,	75
Souchong, good,	35
do extra fine,	60
Oolong, strong flavor, fine,	50
(Oolong—This tea is a great favorite and gives universal satisfaction.)	
do very fine,	62
do extra fine,	75
English Breakfast Tea, fine,	50
do do extra fine,	75
Howqua's Mixture, a strong and rich black tea, Pekoe flavor, warranted to be as good as is sold at other establishments for a dollar,	75
Congo, good,	37
do very fine,	50
Pekoe Flowers, good,	1 00
Also COFFEE and SUGARS, which will be sold lower than at any other store in the city for the same qualities.	

Daguerreotype Notice.—THE subscriber would announce to the citizens of Albany and vicinity, that he continues to make Photographic likenesses in every variety of style, from 8 A. M. to 6 P. M. Having recently made a vast improvement in the art, he is enabled to get up miniatures that cannot be surpassed.

TO ARTISTS.—Canvases, Chemicals, Plates, Cases, Galvanic Batteries, and every thing pertaining to the business, for sale low. Instructions given, &c. N. E. Sisson, 18 1/2 No. 496 Broadway, Albany.

Fine Mess Pork, the best the market affords, at SMITH & PACKARD'S.

F. H. METZGER'S
HAIR CUTTING and SHAVING SALOON:
No. 329 Broadway, Albany.

Gentlemen's Hats.—Goodwin & McKinney, Hatters, will introduce Leary & Co's Spring Style which will be the prevailing style of the season, on Wednesday, March 3. All orders left at the Great Hat Emporium, No. 3. Exchange, will be promptly attended to. mar. 11/1.

ADVERTISEMENTS
WILL BE CONSPICUOUSLY INSERTED, AT THE FOLLOWING RATES:

For 3 months,	\$4	per square of 12 lines
" 6 "	\$6	" "
" 12 "	\$10	" "

PAYABLE, IN ALL CASES, IN ADVANCE.

George Patterson, Undertaker. No. 52 Hudson Street Albany, has constantly on hand, Mahogany, Black Walnut, Cherry and other coffins. Hearse, Carriages, &c., furnished to order, and interments in any of the Vaults, with every article in attendance necessary for FUNERALS, on as reasonable terms as can be obtained in the City.

REGALIA:

At the Mammoth Variety Store,

ALBANY, N. Y.

The subscriber is extensively engaged in the Manufacture and sale of every description of Regalia; Also in the sale of Velvets, Merinos, Satins, Ribbons, Quality Bindings, Gold and Silver Trimmings, &c. &c. of which he has always on hand a splendid assortment. Orders in the above line will be filled at short notice and at lowest prices. Work and materials in all cases warranted to give satisfaction 1y29 E. VAN SCHAACK, 355 Broadway.

New Watch and Jewelry Store.—The subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and the public, that he has taken the store 6 1/2 South Pearl street, lately occupied by James Sanders, and has just returned from New York with a well selected stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver Ware, Gold and Gilt Jewelry, Cutlery, German Silver, Steel and Plated Fancy Goods, Watch Materials, Watch Glasses, &c.

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired and warranted. Jewelry and Silver Ware made to order. The highest price paid for old Gold and Silver. Call and see: 23y1 VISSCHER MIX.

Protection Regalia. The Subscriber is prepared to furnish at lowest prices and in the best style, the new Official and Members Regalia for Protection. E. VAN SCHAACK, 355 Broadway, Albany.

Gift and Fancy Colored Paper for sale at Van Schaack's Mammoth Variety Store, 355 Broadway.

E. R. Liller, DEALER IN WATCHES, CLOCKS & JEW. ELRY, No. 612 Broadway, Albany.

Gold and silver Watches, Gold Chains, Pens, Pencil Cases and a good assortment of rich Jewelry and Silver Ware which will be sold retail, at New York prices. All kinds of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, will be repaired, made to order and warranted. Old Gold and Silver bought for their full value in exchange for Goods. Albany, July 1, 1847. 23y1

METZGER'S PAIN ERADICATOR,FOR
BURNS, SCALDS, CUTS, CANCERS, PILES, &c.

THIS inestimable Ointment is of so much value and importance, that no family should be without it even for a single day, as it is asserted without fear of contradiction the most certain cure for Scalds and Burns ever discovered. No burn or scald can happen, be the pain ever so excruciating, but instant relief is given to the sufferer; by the application of the Ointment, the fire is quickly eradicated, and completely removed; and one of its most remarkable traits is, that it leaves not a trace of seam or scar, and that in so short a space of time as to be scarcely credited. The Ointment is an efficacious remedy for all Soreness and Inflammation of the Eyes, Salt Rheum, and all Cutaneous Eruptions, Cuts and Cancers, as all Pain from Inflammation is immediately relieved by its application. It is also a never-failing remedy for Frost-Bitten Limbs; and its efficacy in the cure of the PILES is most safe and certain.

Its almost Miraculous Cures can be attested to by numerous persons in the cities of New-York and Albany and their vicinities, among which we refer to the following.

Albany July 24, 1845.

This will certify that I have been seriously afflicted over three months with an open wound and a swelling on my left foot, and after trying different restoratives without any benefit, was induced to try M. F. H. Metzger's Pain Eradicator, which I am happy to say has had the desired effect of curing the wound to heal in a very short space of time.

CHAS. WOLLENSACK, 7 Howard st.

For sale by the Proprietor, wholesale and retail, at 329 Broadway, opposite the Eagle Tavern, Albany, N. Y. Price reduced to correspond with the times—25 cents a box.

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.**The Cheapest Bookstore Yet.****E. H. BENDER,**

Bookseller, Stationer, Blank Book Manufacturer, and Publisher of S. S. Randall's (Supt. of Common Schools,) celebrated series of School Readers, decidedly superior to any readers in use. They are used in the city Schools, and are being extensively introduced throughout this State, New-Jersey and Vermont.

School Books of all the various kinds constantly on hand and for sale, wholesale and retail, at the lowest prices. Liberal discount made to Teachers.

Family and pocket Bibles of every description. Also, a large assortment of School and Family Library Books, Outline and other Maps, Globes, &c. &c. for sale very low.

Blank Account Books of every description constantly on hand—Also, Blank Books made to order, ruled after any pattern, at short notice.

Books, Pamphlets and Magazines of every description bound to order. Medical, Theological, Classical, Agricultural, Scientific and Sabbath School Books in every variety.

General Agency for the celebrated Diamond Pointed Gold Pens. Music Books constantly on hand.

Mortgages, Deeds, Leases, Agreements, and a general assortment of Law and Justice' Blanks, on hand.

A very large stock of Cap and Letter Paper, for sale, wholesale and retail, at low prices.

N. B. Recollect it is not the "South side" of State street, but the "CHEAPSIDE!" 50 tf.

Boots and Shoes.—D. D. RAMSAY having removed his Boot and Shoe store from No. 3 Delevan House, would respectfully inform the Ladies and Gentlemen of the city of Albany, that he has opened a new Boot and Shoe store at No. 517 Broadway, a few doors north of Bleeker Hall, where he will make to order first rate boots of all descriptions, which he will warrant to be a superior article. His long experience in the business and the success which has heretofore attended him in his efforts to please his customers enables him to say confidently that he will give them an article which for neatness and durability cannot be excelled. As the best way for the public to judge is to call and examine for themselves, he would respectfully invite them to do so, assuring them that he will use his utmost endeavors to give them entire satisfaction.

N. B. Always on hand a good assortment of first rate boots and shoes, men's and boys' calf-skin and kip-skin boots, shoes and brogans; also Ladies' and misses' gaiters of a first rate quality. Prices to suit the times. ap 8.

Albany Museum, every evening commences at 8 o'clock. A great variety of Dramatic Entertainments, consisting of Plays, Farces, Burlettas, Dancing, Comic and Sentimental Singing &c. sustained by professional talent of distinguished celebrity and worth. Particulars in Bills of the day. 30tf.

300 VOLUMES Complete, of the "Son of Temperance and Recklessness," for sale at No. 14 and 15 Commercial Building. Price per bound copy. 75 cents.

Rheumatism cured, and a family cured of Erysipelas of the Skin by **BURROWS & NELLEGAR'S Sarsaparilla.**

Messrs. Burrows and Nelligar—Gents.—The following is my cheerful testimony in favor of your valuable preparation of Sarsaparilla.—I have used it in my family with the best success imaginable, and am convinced that it merits the confidence of the public.—I was first persuaded to procure a bottle some ten months ago for my wife, who was afflicted with inflammatory rheumatism through the whole system, and who was confined to her room all winter, and most of the time to her bed. The ordinary remedies in such cases had been resorted to, but without much benefit. By the use of one bottle of your Sarsaparilla, a beneficial result was observed. My wife continued its use until she had used six bottles in all: and I feel happy to say she is now entirely free from any symptoms of rheumatism. I do farther say that I have found it to be a purifier of the blood. I have used it myself, and all my family being troubled with a breaking out of the face, and showing other indications of impurity of the blood, have used it, and in every case it has given ultimate satisfaction. So much confidence have I in your preparation of Sarsaparilla, that were any of my family afflicted with impurity of the blood or rheumatism, I should resort immediately to it again.

L. G. BURGESS.

Jeweller, at J. T. Crews.

Sold wholesale or retail at MEDICAL HALL cor South Pearl and Plain sts. At \$2 per doz. \$4 per half doz. (A liberal discount to the trade.)

O. K.

Chamberlin's Writing and Book keeping Academy 82 State street, is now open from 8 A. M. to 10 P. M. for the reception of visitors and pupils, who desire thorough and practical instruction in the various branches of writing and book-keeping. Ladies and Gentlemen wishing to engage in the profession of teaching, can be qualified in both plain and ornamental in about fifteen days. Strangers visiting the city can acquire a good hand writing in a few hours.

Chamberlin's Penmanship for sale at his Academy in any quantity desired. 43tf

C. KOLLNER,

BOOK, PLAIN AND FANCY JOB PRINTER,
Nos. 13, 14 and 15 Commercial Buildings, corner of Broadway and Hudson street, ALBANY.

BOOK PRINTING.

Books of any magnitude, either Type or Stereotype, executed in the best style, and with as much despatch as the materials and work will admit of.

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Reports, Addresses, Catalogues, Sermons, Speeches, etc., and Pamphlets of all kinds, with or without covers, done at short notice, in any style required.

Special attention paid to printing the Constitutions of the Sons of Temperance, Rechabites, I. O. O. F., &c.

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Having one of Ruggles' Superior Engines, and a very extensive assortment of beautiful Card Type, all kinds of Cards, such as Admission, Business, Dinner, Invitation, Supper, Visiting and Wedding Cards, will be printed in the greatest variety of styles, and on the most reasonable terms.

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For social, private, or public purposes, executed in the most beautiful style.

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Mr. K. has been at great expense in procuring a variety of Type, such as Script, Secretary, etc., expressly for Circulars, Insurance Policies, and Blanks of every description.

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Of every description, got up in superior style, and at the shortest notice, with or without borders. JOBS, in colors, Gold Leaf, Bronze, (various shades,) Tintographic, with shades of the rainbow, (of which Mr. K. is the original inventor,) executed with neatness and dispatch.

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Printed to order for any Bank, in any style, with black or colored Inks.

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Gavitt's superior Deguerreotype's taken at his 480 Broadway 3 doors north of the Mansion House Albany.

Persons wishing Likenesses of themselves or friends, should not fail to call at his establishment as they will find the pictures are every thing the most fastidious could wish for and the utmost satisfaction is given to all.

Portraits put in Gold Lockets, Velvet or Silk cases, Frames etc., in the most finished style and at prices lower than any other establishment in the city. Please call and see. 45tf

The Hair Cutter, T. W. Garrison's, Hair Cutting and Shaving Saloon, No. 29, South Pearl street, under Washington Hall, Albany. 45tf

Notice is hereby given that the Protective Union Society of the city of New York, will apply to the State Legislature, at its present session, for an act of incorporation. 53 w6

Dentistry, Reduced Prices. J. S. WASHBURN, Mechanical and Surgeon Dentist, No. 39-1-2 Fourth street. All operations performed in the most skillful manner, and warranted. Troy, December 1, 1847.

Registers for Protections always on hand made from the best materials and ruled according to the system now in use—at \$1 25 per Register. H. R. HOFFMAN, No. 71 State st. Albany.

Fresh Hams, first quality, just received at Family Provision Store, Cor. Hudson and Green streets, by SMITH & PACKARD. 42tf

Mechanics Cheap Clothing Store.—H. W. Allen would respectfully inform the Mechanics of the city of Albany, and the public generally, that he keeps constantly on hand at his wholesale and retail clothing emporium, No. 425 Broadway, a large assortment of seasonable and serviceable clothing. All orders promptly executed and in the best and most substantial manner. Albany, September 18, 1847. 42tf

Eggs—Fresh Eggs constantly on hand at SMITH & PACKARD'S. 43tf

JAMES C. KNAPP, Manufacturer of Regalia, for the following orders: M. M. P. Masonic, I. O. O. F., I. O. O. F. Druids, S. of T., A. O. G. F. Camp and P. C. R's., Regalia. At No. 217 West Seventeenth street, N. Y. Mourning Rosettes at \$12 per hundred. 51tf

Gentlemen's Hats—Fall Fashion.

GOODWIN & McKINNEY, Hatters, No. 3 Exchange, issued their Fall style of Hats on Saturday, August 28th. They invite the attention of those who want a very elegant and strictly fashionable hat, to their present stock, which cannot be surpassed in this or any other city. 43

WILLIAM J. PACKARD,

House, Sign and Ornamental Painter.

No. 38 Washington-street, Albany.

Imitation of Woods, Marbles, Gilding, Glazing, &c. 35m3*

MAMMOTH VARIETY STORE, and house keepers emporium, No. 289 Broadway, Albany. The above extensive establishment has recently undergone very important alterations, and is now in the arrangement alone, a novel and worthy of notice. It is indeed a desirable place of resort, where old or young may while away their leisure moments. The proprietor wishes it distinctly understood that he and his assistants are at all times happy to wait on visitors who call merely from curiosity—indeed, those citizens who will take the trouble to call, and when convenient introduce their friends (strangers in the city,) for the purpose of examining his unique collection will confer on the subscriber a favor, while he trusts to themselves the time will not be wholly lost. (22) E. VAN SCHAACK

Diplomas—Independent Order of Rechabites. For Sale at this office. 25tf

Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla:

The most extraordinary Medicine in the world! This Extract is put up in Quart bottles; it is six times cheaper, pleasanter, and warranted superior to any sold. It cures diseases without vomiting, purging, sickening, or debilitating the patient.

Great Spring and Summer Medicine.

The great beauty and superiority of this Sarsaparilla over all other Medicine is, whilst it Eradicates disease, it Invigorates the body. It is one of the very best Spring and Summer Medicines ever known; it not only purifies the whole system and strengthens the person, but it creates New and Rich blood; a power possessed by no other Medicine. And in this lies the grand secret of its wonderful success. It has performed within the past two years, more than 35,000 cures of Severe Cases of Disease; at least 5,000 of these were considered incurable. More than 3,000 cases of Chronic Rheumatism; 2,000 cases of Dispepsia; 4000 cases of General Debility and Want of Energy; 7,000 cases of the different Female Complaints; 2,000 cases of Scrofula; 1,500 cases of the Liver Complaint; 2,500 cases of disease of the Kidneys and Dropsy; 3,000 cases of Consumption; And Thousands of cases of disease of the Blood, viz. Ulcers, Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Pimples on the face, &c., &c. Together with numerous cases of Sick Headache, Pain in the Side and Chest, Spinal Affections, &c., &c.

This, we are aware, must appear incredible, but we have letters from physicians and our agents from all parts of the United States, informing us of extraordinary cures. R. Van Buskirk, Esq., one of the most respectable druggists in Newark, N. J., informs us that he can refer to more than 150 cases in that place alone. There are thousands of cases in the City of New York, which we will refer to with pleasure, and to men of character. It is the best medicine for the Preventive of disease known. It undoubtedly saved the lives of more than

5,000 CHILDREN THE PAST SEASON.

As it removed the cause of disease, and prepared them for the Summer season.

UNITED STATES OFFICER.

Capt. G. W. McLean, member of the Legislature, and late of the United States Navy, has kindly sent us the following certificate. It tells its own story.

Rahway, Jan. 25, 1847.

A year since I was taken with the Influenza, and my whole system left in a debilitated state. I was induced to try Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla, and after taking two or three bottles, I was very much relieved, and attribute it entirely to the said Sarsaparilla. I have continued taking it, and find that I improve every day. I believed it saved my life, and would not be without it under any consideration.

G. W. McLEAN.

DYSPEPSIA.

No fluid or medicine has ever been discovered which so nearly resembles the gastric juice or saliva, in decomposing food and strengthening the organs of digestion as their preparation of Sarsaparilla.

Bank Department, Albany, May 10, 1845.

Dr. Townsend: Sir—I have been afflicted for several years with dyspepsia in its worst form, attended with sourness of stomach, loss of appetite, extreme heartburn, and a great aversion to all kinds of food, and for weeks (what I could eat) I have been unable to retain but a small portion on my stomach. I tried the usual remedies but they had but little or no effect in removing the complaint. I was induced, about two months since, to try your Extract of Sarsaparilla, and I must say with little confidence; but after using nearly two bottles, I found my appetite restored, and the heartburn entirely removed; and I would earnestly recommend the use of it to those who have been afflicted as I have been.

Yours, &c.,

W. W. VAN ZANDT.

GREAT FEMALE MEDICINE.

Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla is a Sovereign and speedy cure for incipient Consumption, Barrenness, Leucorrhoea, or Whites, obstructed or difficult Menstruation, Incontinence of Urine, or involuntary discharge thereof, and for the general prostration of the system—no matter whether the result of inherent cause or causes, produced by irregularity, illness or accident.

Nothing can be more surprising than its invigorating effects on the human frame. Persons, all weakness and lassitude, from taking it, at once become robust and full of energy under its influence. It immediately counteracts the nervousness of the female frame, which is the great cause of barrenness.

It will not be expected of us, in cases of so delicate a nature, to exhibit certificates of cures performed, but we can assure the afflicted that hundreds of cases have been reported to us. Several cases where families have been without children, after using a few bottles of this invaluable medicine, have been blessed with healthy offspring.

Dr. Townsend: My wife being greatly distressed by weakness and general debility, and suffering continually by pain and a sensation of bearing down, falling of the womb, and with other difficulties, and having known cases where your medicine has effected great cures, and also hearing it recommended for such cases as I have described, I obtained a bottle of your Extract of Sarsaparilla, and followed the directions you gave me. In a short period it removed her complaints and restored her health. Being grateful for the benefits she received I take pleasure in thus acknowledging it, and recommending it to the public.

M DMOORE.

Albany, Aug. 17, 1844. Cor of Grand and Lydian sts.

OPINIONS OF PHYSICIANS.

Dr. Townsend is almost daily receiving orders from physicians in different parts of the Union.

This is to certify that we, the undersigned, Physicians of the City of Albany, have in numerous cases prescribed Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla, and believe it to be one of the most valuable preparations of the Sarsaparilla in the market.

H. P. FULING, M. D.

J. WILSON, M. D.

R. B. PRIGGS, M. D.

P. E. ELMENDORF, M. D.

Albany, April 1, 1846.

The following is from one of the most respectable physicians on Long Island:—

Greenport, July 10, 1846.

Dr. Townsend: Dear Sir—It is with satisfaction that I say to you, that I have recently witnessed, in several cases, the most beneficial results from the use of your Extract of Sarsaparilla. Being engaged in the practice of medicine, I have prescribed it in several cases, and never without benefit. In the removal of disease arising from a deranged state of the digestive organs, jaundice, &c., it far exceeds any thing of the kind ever before offered to the public. You will please send me two dozen, &c. &c.

Respectfully yours, S. C. PRESTON, M. D.

This is to certify that we, the undersigned, practicing Physicians of the City of Albany, have frequently prescribed Dr. Townsend's Compound Extract of Sarsaparilla, and from its known qualities, would recommend it to the public for mercurial, scrofulous, and other cutaneous diseases, in preference to any of the advertised remedies now in use.

Albany, April 2, 1846.

WM. B. STANTON, T. P.

Principal Office, 125 FULTON Street, Son Building, N. Y.; Redding & Co., No 8 State st. Boston; 105 South Pearl st. Albany; and by principal druggists generally, throughout the United States, West Indies and the Canadas.

None genuine, except put up in the large square bottles, which contain a quart, and signed with the written signature of S. P. TOWNSEND, and his name blown on the glass. 29 yf

Mechanic's Mutual Protection.



THE MECHANIC'S ADVOCATE.

Is published weekly, at No 16 Commercial Buildings, Albany, N Y
 Terms one dollar per annum, in advance. Address
 JOHN TANNER, Publisher.

A SPLENDID PREMIUM!

That Protection in the U. S. sending us the greatest number of subscribers, in proportion to the number of its members, previous to the 31st day of March, 1843, will be entitled to a splendid suit of officers regalia, worth \$50. Protections intending to compete for this Prize, will please inform us of the fact. To secure this prize the whole amount must be paid in advance.

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1 U. Lockport,.....Fri	23 Rome,.....not instituted
2 Rochester,.....Wed	24 Auburn,.....Mon
3 Utica,.....Mon	25 Buffalo,.....Fri
4 Schenectady,.....Wed	26 Ithaca,.....Mon
5 New-York,.....Tues	27 Canandaigua,.....Thurs
6 L. Lockport,.....Thurs	28 New-York,.....Fri
7 Brooklyn,.....Mon	29 Penn Yan,.....Mon
8 Poughkeepsie,.....Sur. Char	30 Syracuse,.....Fri
9 Waterloo,.....Fri	31 Waterloo,.....Fri
10 Troy,.....Wed	32 Salina,.....
11 New-York,.....Tues	33 Little Falls,.....
12 New-York,.....Sur. Char	34 Lansingburgh,.....Thurs
13 Batavia,.....Tues	35 New-York,.....not instituted
14 Geneva,.....Thurs	36 Dansville,.....
15 S. Troy,.....Wed	37 New-York,.....Mon
16 Buffalo,.....Mon	38 Troy,.....Thurs
17 Medina,.....Wed	39 New-York,.....Thurs
18 New-York,.....Mon	40 Middleport,.....
19 New-York,.....Mon	41 New-York,.....
20 Frankfort,.....Mon	42 Rochester,.....
21 Albany,.....Fri	43 Saratoga Springs,.....
22 Albany,.....Mon	44 Albany,.....Wed
Ohio.	
1 Cleveland,.....	9 Canton,.....
2 Painesville,.....	10
3 Massillon,.....Thurs	11 Cuyahoga Falls,.....Mon
4 Akron,.....Thurs	12 Wooster,.....
5 Ohio City,.....	13 Canfield,.....
6 Cleveland,.....	14 Salem,.....
7 Elyria,.....	15 New Lisbon,.....
8	16 Canal Dover,.....
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2 Marshall,.....	
Pennsylvania.	
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PROSPECTUS OF THE
Second Vol. of the Mechanic's Advocate.

JOHN TANNER Editor.

The MECHANIC'S ADVOCATE, will be published weekly, as heretofore, at ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

Each number will contain a vast amount of interesting matter, among which may be enumerated, a List of American Patents, as issued from the Patent office—notice of Scientific and Mechanical Progress—new inventions—news of the week—&c.

We intend to make our paper the *Mechanic's Advocate*, in its widest and most legitimate sense, to deal in an earnest and business like manner with the Claims of Industry. All human interests, combining human endeavor and social growth, require organizing, and LABOR the grandest of all human interests, requires it now. But how is this to be attempted? Take this question deeply to heart, and answer: May we not all do something? The Mechanic's Advocate will at least contribute its quota by opening freely its pages to all those who will seek to aid in the solution of this mighty problem,—How shall we elevate labor?

"Honor and Shame from no condition rise,
 Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

TERMS.—One dollar per annum, invariably in advance. No agent is authorized to vary from these terms. Address JOHN TANNER, No. 16 Commercial Buildings, Albany, N. Y.

GREAT INDUCEMENTS.—CLUBBING.

With a view to extend the circulation and usefulness of THE MECHANIC'S ADVOCATE, we will furnish it to clubs, through the Post Office, at the following extraordinary low rates:

SIX COPIES, one year,.....\$5 00
 THIRTEEN COPIES,.....10 00
 TWENTY-EIGHT COPIES,.....20 00

To secure THE MECHANIC'S ADVOCATE at the above rates, the full amount must be paid in advance. Remittances may be sent through the post office with entire safety.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY.

An active Local Agent, in every town and village in the United States. Good references required and good encouragement given.

From the National Era.
SONGS OF LABOR.

THE HUSKERS.

It was late in mild October, and the long autumnal rain

Had left the summer harvest fields all green with grass again:

The first sharp frosts had fallen, leaving all the woodlands gay

With the hue of summer's rainbow or the meadow flowers of May.

Through a thin dry mist that morning the sun rose broad and red,

At first a rayless disc of fire, it brightened as it sped;

Yet, even its noontide glory fell chastened and subdued

On the cornfields and the orchards and softly pictured wood.

And all that quiet afternoon, low sloping to the night,

It wove with golden shuttle the haze with yellow light;

Slanting through the painted beeches, it glorified the hill,

And beneath it pond and meadow lay brighter, greener still.

And shouting boys in woodland haunts caught glimpses of that sky,

Fleck'd by the many-tinted leaves, and laughed they knew not why:

And school-girls, gay with aster flowers beside the meadow brooks,

Mingled the glow of autumn with the sunshine of sweet looks.

From spire and barn looked westerly the patient weather-cocks,

But, even the birches on the hills stood motionless as rocks;

No sound was in the woodlands, save the squirrel's dropping shell,

And the yellow leaves among the boughs, low rustling as they fell.

The summer grains were harvested; the stubble-fields lay dry,

Where June winds rolled in light and shade the pale-green waves of rye;

But, still, on gentle hill-slopes, in valleys fringed with wood,

Ungathered, bleaching in the sun, the heavy corn-crop stood.

Bent low by autumn's wind and rain, through husks that dry and sere

Unfolded from their ripened charge, shone out the yellow ear;

Beneath the turnip lay concealed in many a verdant fold,

And glistened in the slanting light the pumpkin's sphere of gold.

There wrought the busy harvesters, and many a creaking winn

Bore slowly to the long barn-floor its load of husk and grain;

Till, rayless as he rose that morn, sank down at last the sun,

Ending the day of dreamy light and warmth as it begun.

And lo! as through the western pines, on meadow, stream and pond,

Flamed the red radiance of a sky set all afire beyond,

Slowly o'er the eastern sea-bluffs a milder glory shone,

And the sunset and the moonrise were mingled into one!

As thus into the quiet night the sunset lapsed away,

And deeper in the brightening moon the tranquil shadows lay,

From many a brown old farm-house and hamlet without name,

Their milking and their home-tasks done, the merry huskers came.

Swung o'er the heaped-up harvest, from pitch-forks in the mow,

Shone dimly down the lanterns on the pleasant scene below;

The growing pile of husks behind, the golden ears before,

And laughing eyes and busy hands, and brown cheeks glimmering o'er.

Half hidden in a quiet nook, serene of look and heart,

Talking their old times o'er, the old men sat apart,

While, up and down the unhusked pile, or nestling in its shade,

At hide-and-seek, with laugh and shout, the happy children played.

Urged by the good host's daughter, a maiden young and fair,

Lifting to light her sweet blue eyes and pride of soft brown hair,

The master of the village school, sleek of hair and smooth of tongue,

To the quaint tune of some old psalm a husking ballad sung:

Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard!

Heap high the golden corn!

No richer gift has autumn poured

From out her lavish horn!

Let other lands, exulting, glean

The apple from the pine,

The orange from its glossy green,

The cluster from the vine.

We better love the hardy gift

Our rugged vales bestow,

To cheer us when the storm shall drift

Our harvest fields with snow.

When spring time came with flower and bud,

And grasses green and young,

And merry boblinks, in the wood,

Like mad musicians sung,

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain,

Beneath the sun of May,

And frightened from our sprouting grain

The robber crows away.

All through the long bright days of June

Its leaves grew green and fair,

And waved in hot midsummer's noon

Its soft and yellow hair.

And now with autumn's moonlit eves,

Its harvest-time has come,

We pluck away the frosted leaves,

And bear the treasure home.

There, richer than the fabled gift

Of golden showers of old,

Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,

And knead its meal of gold.

Let vapid idlers loiter in silk,

Around their costly board,

Give us the bowl of samp and milk

By home-spun beauty poured.

Where'er the wide old kitchen-hearth

Sends up its smoky curls,

Who will not thank the kindly earth,

And bless our corn-fed girls!

Then shame on all the proud and vain,

Whose folly laughs to scorn

The blessing of the Yankee's grain,

His wealth of golden corn.

Let earth withhold her goodly root,

Let mildew blight the rye,

Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,

The wheat-field to the fly:

But, let the good old crop adorn

The hills our fathers trod;

Still let us for His golden corn

Send up our thanks to God!

J. G. W.